

## Poetry.

## THEY DIDN'T THINK

BY FREDERICK CARY.

Once a trap was baited  
With a piece of cheese,  
It tickled so a little mouse  
It almost made him sneeze.  
An old rat said: "There's danger,  
Be careful where you go!"  
"Nonsense!" said the other,  
"I don't think you know!"  
So he walked in boldly:  
Nobody in sight!  
First he took a nibble,  
Then he took a bite:  
Close the trap together  
Stapped, as quick as wink.  
Catching mousey fast there,  
Cause he didn't think.

Once a little turkey,  
Fond of her own way,  
Wouldn't ask the old ones,  
Where to go or stay;  
She said, "I'm not a baby;  
Here I am half grown;  
Surely I am big enough  
To run around alone!"  
Off she went; but nobody  
Hiding saw her pass:  
Soon like snow her feathers  
Covered all the grass;  
So she made a supper  
For a sky young mink  
Cause she was so headstrong  
That she wouldn't think.

Once there was a robin  
Lived outside the door,  
Who wanted to go inside  
And hop upon the floor.  
"No, no," said the mother:  
"You must stay with me;  
Little birds are safest  
Sitting in a tree!"  
"I don't care," said robin,  
And gave his tail a fling.  
"I don't think the old folks  
Know quite everything."  
Down he flew, and kitted zink  
Before he'd time to blink.  
"Oh," he cried, "I'm sorry,  
But I didn't think."

Now, my little children,  
You who read this song,  
Don't you see what trouble  
Comes of thinking wrong?  
And can't you take a warning  
From their dreadful fate,  
Who began their thinking  
When it was too late?  
Don't think there's always safety,  
Don't suppose you know more  
Than anybody knows.  
But, when your warned of ruin  
Pause upon the brink,  
And don't go under headlong,  
Cause you didn't think.

## Select Story.

## HUGH KENRICK'S WILL,

OR,

## THE STORY OF A POSY RING.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

Author of "The Lenden Casket," "Thorn-croft's Model," &c. &c.

THEY DIDN'T THINK immediately with Aunt Esther, and so well had he counselled her, that she sat down by Lucy's side and took her hand in silence. The captain followed—Lucy had asked him not to leave her. She was now sobbing quietly, but even before they reached the shore she had checked herself and dried away her tears. Now that she had carried her point, however, she felt all the misery that lay before her. She could walk a little and under excitement could have done more; but no sooner did they reach the shore than the captain said, "By your good leave I'll save you the little bit of walking," and carried her to the carriage. Lucy's courage failed her when once in the hotel. She sank into a chair. The landlord and his wife came to comfort her, but had no true comfort to give, for the doctor still said that his patient could not outlive the night. He had had a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs accompanied by fever and delirium, and was worn out by weakness and want of rest. Down came the doctor—a Scotchman—the same who attended Lucy, and cut short all the landlord and his wife were saying.

"Miss Clavering," said he, "I had no idea you would venture on such a step as this! I should not have sanctioned it. I assure you! God grant you may not undo all the progress your own health has made. Well, I have come to say that my poor patient up stairs has heard your voice and knows you are here. He begs you to come to him, and I see no help for it now. So you must go—but no one must go with you—he must be kept quiet."  
"My aunt will come with me," said Lucy—"no one else."  
"I'll make bold to help to carry you as far as the door, though," said the captain, and he and the landlord carried Lucy up stairs in her chair. She would walk into the room—he must not know how far from well she was. He was lying propped up by the pillows, his eyes fixed on the door by which he expected Lucy to enter. Before he could speak she was by his side, and had taken his wasted hand in hers, and was looking into his face.

"You have come! They told me that I must die without seeing you. Why would you not come to me?"  
"I was not well myself," said Lucy, faintly, "and they concealed your illness from me. I did not know how ill you were until to-day."  
"It was sure they did not tell you how I longed to see you—quite sure, or you would have come."  
"But did they not tell you how ill I was?" said she.

The doctor stepped forward—the nurse, a north-country servant of the doctor's, ranged herself behind him in a combative attitude. The doctor spoke: "We thought it right not to inform Mr. Richmond of the serious nature of your illness. We thought the knowledge might aggravate his own symptoms."  
"You made a mistake, doctor," said Lucy, simply; "you should have told your patient the truth, and then he would not have wished me to come—he would have been calmer, I am sure. I have been very ill," said she to Hugh Richmond, "and they deceived me about your illness. I never knew you were really ill until an hour or two ago. I came at once."  
"I have been so miserable about not seeing you," said he, "I thought you did

not care enough for me to come."  
"I came the moment I knew. It was very cruel for them to deceive us so."  
"They have done great harm by their over-wisdom!" said he; "they have fretted my life away."  
"Umph!" said the doctor, who did not relish so much frank criticism. "Madam, if you are going to stay here, I must beg you to be quiet. I cannot allow any more conversation. You do not know the harm you are doing. You can stay if you like, but you must sit down quietly. The nurse will do all that is needful in the way of giving Mr. Richmond his medicine. I shall look in again during the course of the night, but, Miss Clavering, I beg of you not to stay long here—I assure you my patient would be better alone with his nurse."

The doctor departed. Hugh Richmond turned to Lucy, and said, "Surely you will not leave me! The doctor says I shall die to-night."  
Lucy said, "No, I will not leave you." His feet were icy cold—the nurse was applying hot flannels to them—they also brought hot bottles, but nothing seemed to warm them. He fell back and lay as if exhausted. The few words he had heard and said seemed to have thoroughly fatigued him, and now Lucy saw how terribly ill he was. She sat silently by his bedside waiting, praying, hoping. She did not know how long she had been thus sitting when he again spoke. "I know we are both in the cave again, because it is so bitterly cold. It won't last long. They take me up in the middle of the night and put me into a scalding hot bed. My feet lie on hot coals and my head is scorched with fire. This state of things is better than that—but nurse, my feet are wet, and that is what makes them so cold. Don't you know they got wet this morning on the causeway?—that's what makes them so cold now. Miss Clavering, tell her about it—she does not believe me. She thinks I talk that way because I am ill."

Lucy shuddered. It was terrible to hear his mind wander. He saw that she did so, and said, "You shudder, too—and how pale you are! Starlight makes your face so wan and blue."

"Mr. Richmond," said the nurse, "you must not talk. The lady will go away if you do."  
He looked inquiringly in Lucy's face.  
"Yes," said she, firmly, "if you talk I must go."

"I can't talk," was his reply, "I am too tired." He sank back wearily, and painfully, and lay quietly for an hour or so, as if in a stupor. His eyelids were not closed, but he seemed unconscious of all around him. The nurse came and felt his pulse. When she had done this his hand dropped as if powerless.  
"Is he worse?" Lucy whispered in alarm. "Is he—?" She could not finish that question.  
"No, he's not dying," said the nurse. "He'll last another hour or two. They mostly go about three in the morning, or he may go on till the turn of the tide. That's a great time for them to die."

"Hush! Pray do," said Lucy. "He hears all you say."  
"He knows nothing about it if he does. He's always in a sort of stupor till midnight gets over, and then he's in his glory! He talks twenty to the dozen then."

"Please, nurse, don't say such things," pleaded Lucy.  
"It's no want of feeling, miss, none! I could not manage at all if I was as took up with pity for him as you are."

"Are his feet warmer?" asked Lucy, softly.  
"A little, but he does not find them warmer. Nothing I can do to them has much effect on them. They get warm of their own accord about one o'clock, and then there's no getting them cold again. The hot fit is worse than the cold fit, and wears him out more. But it's my belief that he will just lie this way, and know no other while he lasts. Poor gentleman, he'll not be obstreperous any more now."

Lucy's heart ached, but she had courage when courage was wanted, and controlled herself. "Nurse, does he never sleep?" she asked.

"Never, to do him any good. That's the worst thing he has had to contend with—that! what's brought him to this?"  
"But he is perhaps sleeping now?"  
"No, he is not. He is quiet, but there's no refreshment in it."

The nurse took an easy chair by the fire, and soon began to doze; Aunt Esther had long since crept to a sofa in the corner and cried herself to sleep; Lucy sat waiting for the end which was now so near. How should she meet his mother! What terrible words she would hear from her! Lucy had caused his death, and he was the only son of his mother, and she a widow! He had died from saving her from the consequences of her own stupidity. Her thoughts were so bitter that she wished for any sound to break the stillness, but no sound whatever was audible to her senses but the breathing of those in the room.

At length Hugh Richmond began to move. "The exhaustion is passing away," said Lucy.  
"No, it's the hot fit coming on," said the nurse.  
Lucy was almost glad of it—this power of suffering was a link to life. He asked for water, and reproached them for giving him warm water. Then he complained of the sea. "It wears my brain out—If it would stop moaning while I counted ten—even that would rest my head; but it won't. Moan, moan, moan. It will go that way till it kills me."

His voice was feeble and weary, his accent most piteous. Lucy did not hear the sea; she began to sing to him in a low, sweet voice. No one ever knew what an effort it cost her to do it. He listened, and forgot about the sea, and gradually some painful lines in his face smoothed themselves away. He looked at Lucy, and said, "Whoever you are, you are kind—but if you want to be really kind to me, do put a stop to one thing they do to me every night. . . . Miss Clavering—you perhaps know her—my mother always said she was an enemy to both of us, but I never believed it till now. Every night Miss Clavering comes here, and just when I want to go to sleep she wraps her long, wet hair round my throat until I cannot breathe, and when I cry out, she wraps it tighter and tighter, until I am choked. Every breath I draw then sends a burning pain right through my chest, and I feel cut in two by a red-hot sword, and still no one will help me. That nurse, there, is in league with her, and will stand quietly by, and let her do anything she

likes to torture me." His voice was now quite strong again, and his eyes were bright with fever. "They talk about my being ill—that woman and the doctor I mean—they pretend to be sorry, but they could cure me if they chose to stop her. It is nothing but having that long bit of wet hair wrapped so tightly round my throat which makes me so ill. They will not keep her away or force her to unfasten it, and it is wet and cold, and chokes me."

"That is how he always talks," said the nurse, "poor dear gentleman!"  
"It is the truth, though! She pretends that it is not, and so does that fool or knave of a doctor, but I ought to know best, for I feel it. I feel it now, tight and choking me. It is Miss Clavering's hair, I tell you! It got wet when we were out all night on the Grand Bay—that is why I wanted so much to see her by daylight. I wanted to try if I could not persuade her not to do this. She does it every night, and that's why I can't get well—that is what is killing me!"  
"Do not talk that way, please sir," said the nurse.

"That is your help, is it?" cried he. "Excellent help! Don't talk, you say! But I must talk! I must be heard! Nothing chokes you like hair! It makes itself into such a tight, strong rope! He clutched Lucy's hand, and cried, "Will you stop her doing it?"  
"Why, sir, this is Miss Clavering herself you are talking to! It is Miss Clavering who is sitting by you. Look at her. She is pitying you as much as she can!—She doesn't want to do nothing to hurt you," said the nurse.

He looked at her in doubt and alarm. Lucy let her hand down, and said, "I am Miss Clavering; but I promise, as you ask it, never again to do anything to hurt you. Feel my hair, it is quite dry now, so I do not want to wrap it round your throat any more." She took his poor parched hands in hers, and made him touch her hair. "Feel it," said she, "it has got quite dry and warm. I will fasten it up tightly, and you shall see me do it. Look what a number of strong pins I am using, and how safely I am fastening it!"

He watched all she did with eagerness. He had forgotten almost everything which had happened on the Grand Bay, except the one fact that when the sailors met them and took Lucy from his arms one long coil of her hair had to be untwisted from his throat. Somehow or other it had then wrapped itself tightly round it, and the remembrance of this had haunted him and played a terrible part in increasing his illness. When her hair was firmly fixed in its place, she made him feel it once more, and said, "Now that can do you no harm." He seemed perfectly satisfied, and made no more complaint of being strangled by her, but he still complained of being kept by force in a burning bed. He now seemed much exhausted, and lay as if partly unconscious. Presently Lucy saw him clutching at the bed-clothes, as if to draw them upwards. Some one had once told her that this was a sign of approaching death, and the sight made her thrill with terror. She could not bear to see it. She drew his hand away and held it tightly in hers. She would hold it now until he died.

"Oh, thank God," said he, "you have taken me back to the cave again, and it will be cool! I felt I was there when you put your hand in mine. Ah! how you slept then; I could not awaken you!"  
"You slept, too. Could you sleep now?"  
"Your head was on my shoulder then. You were unhappy, and so tired and cold. That is how we came to sleep."

"Could you sleep in that way now?" asked Lucy. "Lay your head on my shoulder and try." She moved closer to the pillow where his head was tossing uneasily about. She drew him towards her till his forehead rested on her shoulder, and placed her cool hand on it.

He seemed to breathe more freely, and said, "How well I feel since you took your strangling hair away! The cave is cool. Why did you not take me there before?"  
"Strong hope arose in Lucy's heart. She felt he might recover.

"We must get off the island at day-break," said he. "Waken me then if I go to sleep."  
"Yes," replied Lucy, "I will rouse you then, but go to sleep now."  
He shut his eyes, and seemed to yield to her as a child might have done. The nurse came, and saw him lying thus. She sat down by Lucy. Aunt Esther was sleeping in a distant corner, and very soon Hugh Richmond slept also. After a while his breathing became as regular and peaceful as that of a child. Lucy only was awake. The attitude she had chosen became painful to her. She never stirred one hair's breadth. She was weak and ill herself, but she bore all, and for his sake. She, who had not yet been able to sit up more than half-an-hour at a time, sat in this constrained posture for hour after hour, proud and thankful that she could do so much. Her one hope was that perhaps under Providence she might be the means of saving a life that had been freely risked in her behalf. The foolish over-wisdom of those around them had almost cost his life and her own; but even yet all might be well. He was sleeping peacefully; his hand, which lay in hers, was no longer parched, his breathing was regular and calm; once the door opened, and the doctor peeped in. He threw up his arms in wonder when he saw the change in his patient's condition, but he crept out without disturbing him. Lucy said that he had expected to find it all over, or to see poor Hugh Richmond breathing his last, and a hope which as yet she had hardly dared to indulge in, began to take up its abode in her mind. Day dawned and still he slept, and still his head was on her shoulder. She feared the light might awaken the poor sleeper, but he slept on. Aunt Esther, too, was still sleeping; her face looked grey and haggard in the new light.

"How happy she will be when she awakes and sees him!" thought Lucy, and then she checked herself for over-confidence. Who could say that he was safe?  
About five o'clock he opened his eyes, and said, "I feel very happy; where am I?" Then he saw Lucy. "Are you really here?" he asked.

"Yes, really," she answered—her heart was too full to speak.  
"Did they not say I was to die to-night?" he asked.  
She pressed the hand she held. He looked tenderly in her face, and said, "You have been very good to me. Do you care for me a little?"  
"I care for you very much indeed," she replied.

He smiled. It was a treat to see that smile once more. His eyes seemed to close of their own accord, and he was asleep again almost directly. Lucy slightly changed her position, but still she sat by him, and still she held his hand. "For once," thought she, "I have done something that has not been an injury to him. Thank God I came!"

Now that she could see his face she saw how pale and thin it was. She was looking sorrowfully at it when the nurse awoke and came to her.  
"What a change you have made in him, ma'am!" said she. "It is surprising what love can do."

Lucy was so shocked that she almost dropped her hand but bethought herself in time and sat still.  
"He has raved about you, and his love for you, and his despair about something or other."

"About what?" inquired Lucy.  
"Nay, miss, I don't know; despair is a part of the business. I took no particular notice of what he was saying."

Lucy began to think that he was sleeping so soundly she might steal away from his side. This woman's talk made her feel uncomfortable. She drew her hand away so gently that he certainly could not have felt it; but no sooner had she done so than he half turned round and said something which she did not hear.

"You will be having him wide-awake again, ma'am, if you don't take care," whispered the nurse, anxiously.  
Lucy took his hand once more in hers, and once more he was still. The nurse now saw how weak and ill the poor girl was herself, and came and put a glass of wine to her lips, and gave her a cushion to lean against; without this Lucy must have fainted.

Lucy herself was in a half-sleep when she heard him say, "Nurse, I feel very well this morning!"

"And so you ought with a beautiful young lady sitting there and holding your hand lovingly like that the whole long night through. Most folks would feel happy. She's asleep now, poor young thing."

"What she does for me nurse, is only done out of pity."  
The nurse looked wise. "I don't feel so sure of that, sir," said she.  
"She is fast asleep, nurse."

Lucy was, so to speak, fast asleep and wide awake too. She heard, but could not move.

"How do you feel about eating something, sir?" was the good woman's next speech.  
"I believe I am hungry—but I ought to be dead," he added with a certain degree of grim humor.

"To tell you something," said Lucy, "I believe I am hungry—but I ought to be dead," he added with a certain degree of grim humor.  
"You have, I think, saved me," replied he. "I wonder whether the doctor will say I am better."

"I never can forgive the doctor," cried Lucy; "he ought to have let me come to you sooner. He had no right to conceal from me that you wished to see me."

"Why did you wish so much to see me?"  
"To tell you something."  
"But you have not done it."  
"You are not to be told until just before I die."

Lucy was silent.  
"You must be very tired," said he.  
"No, I am so happy. You are better?"  
"Yes, I am better. Thank you for all that you have undergone to make me so."

"What have I undergone that I would not most gladly undergo again for your good?"  
She had withdrawn her hand from him—it was lying on the arm of her chair. His eyes rested on it. He held out his own beseechingly. After an instant's hesitation she laid her hand frankly in his. He looked at it, then at her. "Just for one moment," said he; "I do not misunderstand you."

"Take your hand away," said he, in a short time; "I do not like to give it up, and I ought not to keep it."  
Lucy left it where it was.

"Even if you attached all the meaning to what you are now doing that it is possible to attach, my duty would still be this," said he, kissing her hand, and gently putting it away from him.

"I do not understand," said she.  
"I love you, dear," was his reply; "I always shall, but I am in no position to woo you for my wife. I wish you were as poor as I am."

"A minute ago," said Lucy, "you asked me for my hand—put yours in mine now for one instant," and very timidly she held out hers. He looked doubtfully in her face—what was she going to do? He held forth his hand. She did not lay hers in his, but she drew off her posy ring—the ring which had been her father's and her grandfather's betrothal ring—and she placed it on his finger.

He had not forgotten the motto:—  
My love for thee  
My life shall be,  
and said in joyful amazement, "Is it possible that you could ever love me?"

"Yes," was her answer, "as soon as I saw you I felt I could."  
"Enough to resign for my sake all that Mr. Kenrick left you?"

"Yes; but you ought to love me enough not to care about my doing that."  
"My Lucy, my own love, you have saved my life!"

"You seem to me to be talking far too much, sir," said the nurse, who suddenly, and with a great clatter of tea-cups, returned to the room. "You are much better, sir, but by no means out of danger yet; and if you please, sir, there must be no more imprudence with talking!"

Lucy's heart sank—what if the doctor came in and did not seem much impressed by the change in his patient? What if he still said he must die? Die! when they loved each other, and had owned their love! Could such a cruel thing be done and yet how often must it be! She hid her face and the tears fell fast.

The nurse touched her shoulder, and made her a sign to control herself. "I have brought two cups," she said; "you have watched together, and you must eat together; and then ma'am, you must please go into another room, and I'll straighten up Mr. Richmond, and make him ready to see the doctor, and then we'll hear what he says of him this morning."

Ah! how terribly important what he would say had become! Lucy's tea near-

ly choked her. Hugh Richmond drank his and ate his slice of toast, and looked at the posy ring on his finger. He seemed to have no fear of the doctor's verdict, and Lucy had so much. She took the nurse into a corner and asked her if he were not better, and if the doctor would not think so?

"There's no going by looks," replied that cautious woman, whose reputation for sagacity was at stake, so she dared not be too sanguine. "They often look quite cheerful and nicely, and then go out quite suddenly like the snuff of a candle."

"But don't you think he is better?"  
"Well, yes, I do; but then it's the doctor who knows the most about it."

Aunt Esther and Lucy went away, and while in their room on the floor below heard the doctor's steps. It sounded knell-like. They even heard his voice—loud and muffled and dreadful the sound was. Lucy had made the nurse promise to come to the door and hold up her right hand if the news were good. The doctor came instead.

"With care, he'll do!" were his words, and when Lucy heard them she fainted.

Three months afterwards the bells rang merrily at Calderwater. A happy bridal party walked through the churchyard. Two of the number stopped by a tombstone bearing the name of Hugh Kenrick—the very name the bridegroom had just signed in the vestry. "How strangely my poor uncle's will has been carried out!" said he.

"I do not take his name—I hear it already—I merely drop the name of Richmond, which he never liked. God grant that his fancy that he should know something of what went on after his death was a true one, and that he now sees us standing here—and God grant also that he is happy about this as we are!"

## DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

PREAMBLE—The Democrats of Ohio, proud of their citizenship in this great State, for the purpose of maintaining the prosperity of the commonwealth and to promote the welfare and happiness of the whole people, submit the following declaration of principles, upon which they ask the suffrages of the people.

The equality of all citizens before the law, equal taxation, impartial legislation, and a free and pure ballot as the corner stone of free institutions.

Opposition to monopolies and subsidies of all kind.

The strictest economy in National, State and local administrations, that labor may be lightly burdened.

The maintenance and advancement of the Common School system.

Resolved, That the abuses of the present contract system in our State Prison by which the products of criminal labor are brought into competition with the products of honest labor, to the great injury of the latter, is unwise and vicious, and should be corrected.

Resolved, That the course of the last Republican Legislature deserves the condemnation of the people for its incompetency, hypocrisy, its unnecessary and heavy increase in the burdens of taxation, and for the passage of numerous pernicious and unconstitutional acts, and for its reorganization of the State solely for the purpose of spoils.

Resolved, That as the humanities are non-partisan, and as the treatment of criminals should be non-political, the management of the charitable and punitive institutions of the State should be free from partisan changes or appointments.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a civil service reform, whereby offices shall be held to the public trusts to be administered for the public good, not spoils to be enjoyed as the reward of partisan zeal or service.

Resolved, That the Democrats of Ohio, in this year as in all years, are in favor of the largest individual liberty consistent with the public order, and are opposed to legislation merely sumptuary.

Resolved, That the recent discovery of enormous speculations in high Federal places, and the Republican attempt to purchase votes by open corruption, should convince the country that the Republican organization is not worthy of public confidence.

Resolved, That the power delegated to the General Government "to regulate commerce among the States," as well as the power reserved to the States to regulate commerce within their own borders, should both be exercised to prevent unjust discriminations, and unreasonable charges by our railroads.

A tariff for revenue, levied and adjusted in its details with a view to equity in the public burdens and the encouragement of productive industries without creating monopolies; and we favor the appointment of a Commissioner to suggest methods of revision which shall accomplish this result.

The committee also recommended the adoption of the following, though not including it in the platform:

Resolved, That we deeply deplore the recent attempt upon the life of attempt upon the life of the President of the United States by an assassin and denounce assassination in a Republic as the highest and most revolting of crimes, and we extend to the President and his family our deepest sympathies, and our earnest hopes that a speedy recovery may be vouchsafed him.

"Linsey's Blood Seacher"—the great medicine for fever, and ague, malaria, and all blood poison. Don't fail to use it. 1mo.

A printer happened to strike New Mexico with \$5 in his pocket and shortly afterward located a claim, which he sold for \$30,000. Go to New Mexico. Another man, presumably a printer, went to New Mexico with \$30,000 in his pocket, and, after spending it all, sold his claim for \$5.

The forest fires in Michigan will doubtless induce the Governor of that State to change his plans for attending the Yorktown celebration, for it would not look well to see him dancing while thousands of his poor constituents are close to starvation.

We know a lady who never hurries her dressmaker. She waits until all the neighbors get through with her. This lady, by the way, is the best posted on village news of any person in town.

One of the Wisconsin "cranberry kings" offers to marry the girl who can pick the most berries in his marshes.

It is said that Pere Hyacinthe will visit the United States in the Spring.

REMEMBER the last Legislature increased the fees of county offices in Republican counties.

Why don't the Republican papers publish the Republican platform? Can it be that they are ashamed of it?

Mr. Ed. Miller, a manufacturer at Canton, says he is a Republican but his own vote and 140 men under him will be for Bookwater.

THERE is no question of the success of the entire Democratic ticket. Let every Democrat come to the polls and the result will be one of the largest Democratic majorities ever polled in Ohio.

The last Republican Legislature was the most extravagant and reckless that ever sat in Ohio. It passed eighty-five unconstitutional bills and added over five millions of dollars to the local indebtedness of the State.

C. W. Foster, a cousin of Governor Foster, was one of the Star route thieves, and some of his operations were carried on in Governor Foster's old Congressional district. Put this and that together and it probably explains why some people were so anxious to make Governor Foster Postmaster General in Garfield's Cabinet.

The claims of economy set up for the dog tag and pint flask Legislature by "C" Foster & Co. are outrageously false as the figures show. The following are the appropriations made during four years—two under Democratic and two under Republican rule:

	One year	3d year
Democratic Expenditures	\$4,571,992	\$4,732,240
Republican " "	4,629,756	4,641,947

The Cincinnati Commercial is deeply distressed over Bookwater's speech to his workmen, in which he told them every man should vote as he pleased. There was this difference between Mr. Bookwater and the Republican employers last fall: The Republicans looked upon the mechanics as their slaves, and the Democratic candidate looked upon them as men with rights he delighted to honor and respect.

Governor "C." Foster's Private Secretary, between drinks and benediction, has given out a number of letters purporting to have been written by Methodists all over the State, endorsing the dear Governor. They have been headed in print "From a Pastor of the Methodist church in Cleveland," (which Methodist church in Cleveland?) "From an M. E. Pastor in Morrow county," "From a Methodist Minister" (dated "Ohio"), etc. By a strange oversight, great injustice has been done Governor Foster by omitting the names of the ministers who wrote the letters.

## Stand Up, "C." Foster!

Have you attended to the duties of the office to which the people elected you two years ago?

Have you been consistent with the temperance people?

Have you not used your official capacity to further your political ends, only this and nothing more?

Have you not neglected your duties as Governor to the detriment of the interests of the people of Ohio?

Have you not pardoned criminals in the Ohio Penitentiary for the sole purpose of getting votes to further your political ends?

Are you not guilty of making promises which you had neither the power or inclination to fulfill?

Has not your office been made headquarters for political bunnies and mountebanks, to the exclusion of legitimate business and the respectable members of your party?

Has not your office-seeking ambition turned the State institutions into a bedlam, that you might give your favorites place and power to further your political ends and aims?

Did you not issue a proclamation advising the people of Ohio to abstain from all celebrations and gatherings on the 4th of July because of the attempted assassination of President Garfield, and then (yourself) engage in a miserable electioneering harangue at North Lewisburg Champaign county?

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Troches have been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and Singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere. oct 7-1yr

A southern negro, an ex-slave, hired a field from his old master to cultivate, he to receive one-third and the master two-thirds of the crop. The old negro was honest, but not up in arithmetic. The field yielded two loads, both of which he put in his master's crib, and reported to the astonished landlord: "Dar is no third, sah; de land am too